fetch his adopted son, sailing before it to Java, missing his landfall on the way home and encountering the icy waves even of the Antarctic, winning back to Raratonga and building his Westminster Abbey there as it was all but until our day. Nor is it a fragmentary story. The great canoes are named, like the *White Ship* or the *Great Harry* of our own story, the wise sayings are recorded, and the names of fak women, for whom these chieftains fought and died, ring like chimes in the telling.

In the telling—that is precisely it, for not one word of all this detailed history was ever written down. It was too sacred for that. Our Bible is illustration enough of the easy falsification of records, once, in an unhistoric age, they are committed to paper, and the Polynesian wise men did better than that. Colleges of hereditary priests, teaching in special sacred buildings,

saw to it that the tradition of thek people was maintained and continued without the change of a syllable or the omission of a name. As the things taught were sacred, so the gods brooded there to catch the neophyte in any error and visit him with wrath.